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Original Tales.

THEODORE ROLAND.

[Concluded from No. 3, page 18.]

The old man uttered a faint cry, and sank lifeless in my arms. I shuddered lest the vital spark had become extinct; but my apprehensions were soon dissipated. He was restored to recollection; and flinging his arms round the neck of his son, he wept aloud. What a scene! the conqueror of worlds at that moment might have envied the obscure Theodore, and bartered his stained laurels for the holy tear of filial piety. I will not dwell longer on a scene which fancy can, at once, delineate in all its softest shades. I left my friend on the following day, and proceeded on my route. Circumstances, unconnected with my story, now led me to a remote part of the Union; and I saw no more of Theodore for several years. At length, I was again travelling through his native State; and found myself, at the close of a stormy day, near the village where I last bade him farewell. The idea of my friend now rose to my memory in its most vivid colouring. Years rolled back on my view; and scenes long past flitted before me, like the images of a magic lantern. I beheld Theodore, while yet a stripling, silent and solitary, pursuing his daily avocation with a countenance that at once awakened and repelled curiosity: Again, I saw him in all the strength and beauty of manhood, kneeling at the feet of his aged and infirm parent, while every feature of his face became eloquent, and language seemed unnecessary. But the storm, which had now become violent, broke the train of my recollections. The snow was driving directly in my face; and the wind threw it in appalling drifts across my road. I felt the immediate necessity of seeking a shelter; and rejoiced to behold a cheerful light gleaming from the windows of a farmhouse, by the road side. I knocked and was admitted. Blinded by the storm, I could scarcely distinguish its inmates; but I appealed to their humanity, and received a ready welcome. Divested of my wet garments, I received a seat by a sparkling fire, whose red blaze seemed to mock the "pelting of the storm," while it threw its strong light on the whitewashed wall of the apartment. What a contrast to the desolation without! I looked around me

with the glad consciousness of safety, and felt how much we underrate the common blessings of existence. The room was small, but furnished with an air of simple taste, and peculiar neatness. A young and beautiful female, who had risen at my entrance, now quietly reseated herself at her work table; and a rosy cherub, after peeping a moment in my face, clambered on the knee of an old man, whose long silver hair he twined in his little fingers.—For some time the occasional sound of a plane or saw was distinctly heard from the next room: it ceased at length; and a young man entered, whose countenance still retained all its original interest. THEODORE! I exclaimed—and I sprang to meet him, with a rapture altogether indescribable. Reciprocal pleasure gladdened the features of my friend; while the tremulous voice of his aged parent gave me a benign welcome, and the speaking eye of his lovely wife evinced the warmest participation in the feelings of her husband.

How rapid are our moments of enjoyment! A delighted spectator of the most perfect domestic happiness, I spent a week with my friend, unconscious of the progress of time, and recoiling from the idea of a separation. The legendary tales of his venerable father, whose waning sun seemed sinking in the softest splendour; the playful endearments of his cherub boy and the soft yet fascinating manners of his amiable wife,—alternately beguiled the passing moments, and strengthened those ties which already bound me to Theodore. Tell me, said I, when we were one day alone, tell me, my friend, where did you find your lovely and interesting companion? How long have you been married? In short, let me hear every particular of your life, since we last separated.

Theodore smiled. "I have met with nothing remarkable since you left me. The last seven years of my life have been marked with no event save what is common to all men. I have been healthy, and therefore able to labour: I have laboured, and plenty has been my reward. I have been unambitious, and peace has followed my footsteps. I have loved; I sued, and was successful. I was not deceived in my choice, and am therefore happy. Yet I will not be unjust to the deep and flattering interest you evince in my concerns. The most tedious detail is

sometimes gratifying to a friend; and I will therefore endeavour to recal those incidents which are most lively to my recollection.

"I obtained immediate business after my arrival here; and I then endeavoured to secure the confidence of my employers. In this I was also successful; and I could soon command the highest wages in the place, which was rapidly improving, and afforded constant employ. My father one day requested me to accompany him to the Sabbath school which was taught in the village, and in which he took a deep and tender interest. I obeyed; and, among the youthful band, who seemed training up for Heaven, a young girl, apparently about fourteen, immediately arrested my attention. The homeliness of her dress, which, though perfectly clean, was of the coarsest materials, served to mark yet more strongly, the exquisite symmetry of her form. Her features were composed; yet a settled melancholy shaded her countenance, and gave it an expression of the most touching interest. She performed her exercises in a manner peculiarly engaging, and in a voice of the softest melody. The president of the school addressed the interesting flock in terms of kindness and encouragement. He applauded their diligence; and dwelt particularly on the delight their parents must derive from their improvement. The pensive girl had fixed her mild blue eye on the speaker; but, as he proceeded, her cheek became yet paler, and tears trembled on her long dark lashes. My father rose and approached her. 'Isabel,' said he, in a voice of parental tenderness, 'remember, my child, that you have yet a father who dwelleth in the heavens. He seeth all things; and, though you have no earthly parent to smile on your exertions, the approbation of the Almighty shall be your reward.' The interesting orphan now sobbed aloud. My father, in seeking to give consolation, had jarred 'the chord on which hung all her sorrows.' I left the house with an impression that was never afterwards erased. My father gave me the history of the lovely mourner in a few words. Her parents had died in her infancy, bequeathing her penury and want. She was bound by the county to a sordid wretch, in whose equally sordid family she had never heard the voice of kind-

ness. Considered altogether as a menial, she would probably have remained in the most perfect ignorance, but for the advantages of a *Sabbath School*. Here she soon discovered a mind highly susceptible of instruction; and became an object of deep interest to the patrons of the institution. Grateful for their care, and emulous of their approbation, she pursued her various exercises with unparalleled diligence. My father, who had known her from infancy, and was a frequent visitor of the Sabbath school, regarded her with the utmost tenderness, heightened perhaps by that pity which her isolated situation naturally awakened in a heart bowed equally low by the iron hand of affliction. From this time Isabella was never absent from my waking or sleeping visions. Meanwhile her opening beauties were rapidly maturing; and her countenance acquired a character yet more deeply engaging. Three years, however, rolled away, and I had never conversed with her a moment. She was allowed no liberties whatever; and although I frequently called at her master's house on various pretences, if I saw her at all, she flitted instantly from my sight. Yet, if I accidentally met her speaking eye, methought a blush sometimes mantled her cheek, and betrayed a consciousness of the interest she excited. I saw that she was unhappy, and my heart bled at the cause. Her servile station exposed her to the occasional insults of unfeeling wealth; and her spirit, though gentle and unassuming, rose above the unmerited contumely. The starting tear, the languid step, the hectic flush, alternately betrayed her emotions, and spoke a language that vibrated on my heart.—For myself, my path was light and cheerful. I was enabled to provide amply for my father; and was now engaged in a public building from which I expected considerable profits. But the gloom which hung over the fate of Isabella obscured all my flattering prospects. Her sorrow had become mine; and I could no longer realize any abstracted enjoyment. But the period was drawing nigh when our destiny was to mingle into one; and the soft lights of a reciprocal attachment gleamed on the gloomy journey of existence. I was called to attend the *wake* of an amiable and exemplary woman, who had devoted her life to deeds of piety and benevolence. She had been for many years a patroness and teacher of the Sabbath School; and was universally beloved by her pupils. I obeyed the melancholy summons, and was conducted to the apartment of death. My attendant left me at the door, which was partly open: the voice of mourning struck my ear as I approached, and I entered with a noiseless step. A solitary candle

stood at the farther end of the room, and threw its dim light on a female form which knelt beside the coffin. Her long auburn hair floated loosely round her shoulders, and her hands were clasped with an air of unutterable affliction. "Oh, my earliest, my only friend!" she murmured in a low and broken voice, "thou too hast abandoned me! Thou, from whose lips I first heard the accents of instruction,—thou, who first taught me the precepts of religion and virtue,—thou, whose applause was the reward and excitement of exertion. Alas! thou art now silent for ever. Those features which beamed with benevolence, are cold and fixed; and thy smile shall no longer gladden the desolate heart of the friendless orphan!" Convulsive sobs impeded her utterance, but I had recognized the voice of Isabella; and I now approached her with an emotion I could no longer suppress. "Pardon this intrusion," said I, kneeling beside her; "in this moment of affliction I would claim of you the sacred title of friend. To heal the wounds of your bereaved heart, to dispel the gloom that has hitherto involved your destiny, to awaken you to an animated enjoyment of existence, and become a partaker of your joys and sorrows,—this has long been my highest aspiration. In the presence of these hallowed remains, this fearful image of mortality, suffer me, oh Isabella! to consecrate my future life to your happiness, and invoke the spirit of your departed friend to witness the sacred engagement." She was silent, but at such a moment I scarcely expected a reply. I trusted, however, that she would soon be able to give me a decisive answer, and rejoiced that accident had thus led to a declaration of my sentiments. I sought and obtained a second interview. She frankly acknowledged a reciprocal regard;—but when I proposed an immediate union, and begged permission to purchase her indentures, she gave a firm though gentle refusal. The delicacy of her mind recoiled from the idea; and she preferred another lingering year of joyless and laborious servitude, rather than receive a pecuniary obligation even from the man she loved. The tedious term of my probation at length expired: we were united; and the approbation of my father heightened the felicity of our union. Meanwhile the public work I had undertaken was now completed; and its profits enabled me to purchase a home. This little farm was my father's last possession; local recollections made it peculiarly dear to his feelings; and he had never ceased to regret it. It was fortunately on sale, and I purchased it immediately. Three years have now rolled away, smooth and placid as the wave of a summer sea. Isabella's exter-

nal charms have probably faded; but I still see her such as I first beheld her.—She is the idol of my father; her affection is the solace of all my cares; and her prudence and industry accelerate my endeavours to procure a livelihood. My business is still excellent; and when the weather prevents my working abroad, a part of the house answers the purposes of a shop. Providence smiles on my exertions; and I hope to secure a competence against the winter of old age."

The anticipations of Theodore were amply realized. Intense application to his trade, connected with a genius for mechanism, enabled him, soon after this, to make some improvements in the machinery of a manufactory, which procured him a principal share in the emoluments.—The continued favorite of fortune, Theodore Roland at length became the master of immense wealth; and the last time I saw him, he had just placed a heavy sum at interest, for the exclusive benefit of the poor of his native state. D.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

REMARKS ON THE NATURE OF HAPPINESS.

By the Rev. Mr. Colton.

What is earthly happiness? that phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Like Juno, she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession,—deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald; but Disappointment is her companion. The former addresses itself to our imagination, that would believe,—but the latter to our experience, that must. Happiness, that grand mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and Epicurus in both; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither, although like some other gallants, they all boasted of more favours than they had received. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit: he thought, by slandering, to woo her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed, that, if he should flee from her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but, like the mirage in the desert,

she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and when unexpected often obtained; while those who seek her the most diligently fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Antony sought her in love; Brutus in glory; Cæsar in dominion: the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander. On some she smiles as a Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal hordes that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded with her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence-chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge,—all those seek her, and her alone; alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She despatches, however, her envoys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To Ambition, she sends Power; to Avarice, Wealth; to Love, Jealousy; to Revenge, Remorse;—alas! what are these but so many other names for vexation or disappointment? Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes; she is to be gained by waging war against her enemies, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those who conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come to them. No persons bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects: she mocks them indeed with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train, but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is travelling *incognita* to keep a private assignation with Contentment, and to partake of a *tete-a-tete* and a dinner of herbs in a cottage. Hear then, mighty queen! what sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, nor desire thee too much; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre, and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstance and an ephemeris of

Time. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent even to thine own subsistence; thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by Content on the one hand and by Health on the other, thou fallest an unwieldy and bloated pageant to the ground. What then, are all our aspirations vanity, all our desirings disappointment? No: there is a happiness worthy of our utmost care, which demands our choicest cultivation, and deserves all that it demands; for it is an immortal plant, and the flow of ages will only feed its luxuriance and confirms its growth. Good deeds are the seed, Earth the soil, and Time the season; but the exhaustless crop will rise in eternity, to be reaped in Heaven. Every despot wears shackles, no less than his slaves; and, as they are worn within his insignia, they are seen the less, but they gall the more. Out of the same iron he forges a sceptre to terrify others, and fetters to torment himself.

Reasoning among Animals.—There is, perhaps, no surer criterion of reason than, after having tried one mode of accomplishing a purpose, adopting another more likely to succeed. Insects are able to stand this test. A bee, which Huber watched while soldering the angles of a cell with propolis, detached a thread of this material, with which she entered the cell. Instinct would have taught her to separate it of the exact length required; but, after applying it to the angle of the cell, she found it too long, and cut off a portion, so as to fit it to her purpose. This is a very simple instance; but one such fact is as decisive in proof of reason, as a thousand others more complex, and of such there is no lack. Dr. Darwin informs us, that, walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk, with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then taking up with its feet the trunk or middle portion of the body, to which the wings were attached, fly away. But a breeze of wind acting upon the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burthen, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its body. Could any process of ratiocination be more perfect?

TRIFLES.

Spanish Wit.—The Marquis del Carpio, a grandee of Spain, giving the holy water to a lady who presented him with a skinny ugly hand, ornamented with a fine dia-

mond, said, loud enough to be heard, "I would rather have the ring than the hand." The lady, taking him instantly by the golden collar of his order, said, "And I the halter rather than the ass."

Simplicity of a German girl.—Two maid servants were sent into the theatre at Vienna, when Velutti was to sing, to keep places for the Italian opera. On account of the illness of the singer, a German piece was substituted, which induced the family to remain at home, while the girls were permitted to continue at the theatre during the whole performance. When the play began, one of them exclaimed, with astonishment, "How is this? I now understand Italian all at once, as if I had learned it."

Bon-Mot of a Clergyman.—In a country church, where it was the custom to separate the men from the women, the minister, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short; when a woman, eager for the honour of her sex, arose and said, "Sir, the noise is not among us." "So much the better," answered the clergyman, "it will sooner be over."

Caraboo.—The extraordinary young woman, who, several years ago, excited considerable attention at Bristol, by representing herself as the Princess Caraboo, daughter of a great Eastern prince, has lately returned to Witheridge, her native place, on a visit to her mother. It is understood, that since she figured at Bristol, she went to America, with two ladies of that country. When she left home, about seven years ago, she was a servant in a farmer's house; she now appears a well-educated woman, perfectly genteel in her manners and dress, and extremely fond of books, but very reserved in her communications respecting herself.—*Lond. pap. Dec 31.*

Two of our living poets were conversing on the actors—"Your admiration of Mrs. Siddons is so high", said Rogers, "that I wonder you never made open love to her."—"To that magnificent and appalling creature! I should have as soon thought of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

PATENT DEFINITIONS.

Debates.—An useless wagging of tongues where the noses have been already counted.

Ditch.—A place in which those who have taken too much wine are apt to take a little water.

Dose.—A short nap enjoyed by many people after dinner on a week day, and after the text on a Sunday.

Egotism.—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

Embalming.—Perpetuating the perishable with more pains than we take to save that which is immortal.

Felicity.—The horizon [or rainbow] of the heart, which is always receding as we advance towards it.

Jealousy.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

Marriage.—Taking a yoke-fellow, who may lighten the burden of existence if you pull together, or render it insupportable if you drag different ways.

CHARACTER OF STERNE.

[The following EXTRACT, from one of Sir Walter Scott's Biographical and Critical notices, which have given so much interest to 'Ballantyne's Novelist Library'—affords an entertaining and impartial view of the character and pretensions, of the witty, but licentious, author of *TRISTRAM SHANDY*:—and as the extensive work containing it is not likely to be soon republished in America, it cannot fail, we think, to prove an acceptable present to our readers. The paragraph on the subject of *plagiarism*, derives additional interest from its being the production of a poet, who has himself been charged, by his friend JEFFREY, with being 'original from the very boldness of his borrowing.' *]

In February, 1768, Laurence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his lodgings in Bond street, London. There was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by Mrs. Quickly, as attending that of Falstaff, the compeer of Yorick for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. As he lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and while the assistant was in the act of chafing his ancles and legs, he expired without a groan. It was also remarkable that his death took place in the manner he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn, and by strangers.

We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance. His features, though capable of expressing with peculiar effect the sentimental emotions by which he was often affected, had also a shrewd, humorous, and sarcastic expression, proper to the wit and satirist. His conversation was animated and witty; but Johnson complained that it was marked by license, better suiting the company of the Lord of Crazy Castle, than of the great moralist. It has been said, and probably with truth, that his temper was variable and unequal, the natural consequence of irritable temperament, and continued bad health. But we will not readily believe that the patient of Uncle Toby could be a harsh, or habitually a bad-humored man. Sterne's letters to his friends, and especially to his daughter, breathe all the fondness of affection; and his resources, such as they were, seem to have been always at the command of those whom he loved.

If we consider Sterne's reputation as chiefly founded on *Tristram Shandy*, he must be considered as liable to two severe charges;—those, namely, of indecency,

and of affectation. Upon the first accusation, Sterne was himself peculiarly sore, and used to justify the licentiousness of his humour by representing it as a mere breach of decorum, which had no perilous consequence to morals. The following anecdote we have from a sure source:—Soon after *Tristram* had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. "I have not, Mr. Sterne," was the answer; "and, to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal." "My dear good lady," replied the author, "do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there, (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics) he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence!" This witty excuse may be so far admitted; for it cannot be said that the licentious humor of *Tristram Shandy* is of the kind which applies itself to the passions, or is calculated to corrupt society. But it is a sin against taste, if allowed to be harmless as to morals. A handful of mud is neither a firebrand nor a stone; but to fling it about in sport, argues coarseness of taste, and want of common manners.

Sterne, however, began and ended by braving the censure of the world in this particular. A remarkable passage in one of his letters shows how lightly he was disposed to esteem the charge; and what is singular enough, his plan for turning it into ridicule seems to have been serious. "Crebillon (*le fils*) has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*. As soon as I get to Toulouse, he has agreed to write me an expository letter on the indecencies of T. Shandy—which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own work. These are to be printed together—Crebillon against Sterne—Sterne against Crebillon—the copy to be sold, and the money equally divided: this is good Swiss policy."

In like manner, the greatest admirers of Sterne must own, that his style is affected, eminently, and in a degree which even his wit and pathos are inadequate to support. The style of Rabelais, which he assumed for his model, is to the highest excess rambling, excursive, and intermingled with the greatest absurdities. But Rabelais was in some measure compelled to adopt this Harlequin's habit, in order that, like licensed jesters, he might, under the cover of his folly, have permission to vent his satire against church and state. Sterne assumed the manner of his master, only as a mode of attracting attention, and of making the public stare; and, there-

fore, his extravagancies, like those of a feigned madman, are cold and forced, even in the midst of his most irregular flights. A man may, in the present day, be, with perfect impunity, as wise or as witty as he can, without assuming the cap and bells of the ancient jester as an apology; and that Sterne chose voluntarily to appear under such a disguise, must be set down as mere affectation, and ranked with the tricks of black or marbled pages, as used merely *ad captandum vulgus*. All popularity thus founded, carries in it the seeds of decay; for eccentricity in composition, like fantastic modes of dress, however attractive when first introduced, is sure to be caricatured by stupid imitators, to become soon unfashionable, and of course to be neglected.

If we proceed to look more closely into the manner of composition which Sterne thought proper to adopt, we find a sure guide in the ingenious Dr. Ferriar of Manchester, who, with most singular patience, has traced our author through the hidden sources whence he borrowed most of his learning, and many of his most striking and peculiar expressions. Rabelais, (much less read than spoken of,) the lively, but licentious miscellany called *Moyen de Parvenir*, and D'Aubigne's *Baron de Faneste*, with many other forgotten authors of the sixteenth century, were successively laid under contribution. Burton's celebrated work on Melancholy, (which Dr. Ferriar's Essay instantly raised to double price in the book-market,) afforded Sterne an endless mass of quotations, with which he unscrupulously garnished his pages, as if they had been collected in the course of his own extensive reading. The style of the same author, together with that of Bishop Hall, furnished the author of *Tristram* with many of those whimsical expressions, similes, and illustrations, which were long believed the genuine effusions of his own eccentric wit. For proofs of this sweeping charge we must refer the readers to Dr. Ferriar's well known Essay and Illustrations, as he delicately terms them, of Sterne's Writings, in which it is clearly shown, that he, whose manner and style were so long thought original, was, in fact, the most unhesitating plagiarist who ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages. It must be owned, at the same time, that Sterne selects the materials of his mosaic work with so much art, places them so well, and polishes them so highly, that in most cases we are disposed to pardon the want of originality, in consideration of the exquisite talent with which the borrowed materials are wrought up into the new form.

One of Sterne's most singular thefts,

considering the tenor of the passage stolen, is his declamation against literary depredators of his own class: "Shall we," says Sterne, "for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new medicines, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope—for ever in the same track? for ever at the same pace?" The words of Burton are, "As apothecaries, we make new mixtures, every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist the same rope again and again." We cannot help wondering at the coldness with which Sterne could transfer to his own work so eloquent a tirade against the very arts which he was practising.

Much has been said about the right of an author to avail himself of his predecessors' labors; and, certainly, in a great sense, he that revives the wit and learning of a former age, and puts it into the form likely to captivate his own, confers a benefit on his contemporaries. But to plume himself with the very language and phrases of former writers, and to pass their wit and learning for his own, was the more unworthy in Sterne, as he had enough of original talent, had he chosen to exert it, to have dispensed with all such acts of literary petty larceny.

Tristram Shandy is no narrative, but a collection of scenes, dialogues, and portraits, humorous or affecting, intermixed with much wit, and with much learning, original or borrowed. It resembles the irregularities of a Gothic room, built by some fanciful collector, to contain the miscellaneous remnants of antiquity which his pains have accumulated, and bearing as little proportion in its parts, as the pieces of rusty armour with which it is decorated. Viewing it in this light, the principal figure is Mr. Shandy the elder, whose character is formed in many respects upon that of Martinus Scriblerus.—The history of Martin was designed by the celebrated club of wits, by whom it was commenced, as a satire upon the ordinary pursuits of learning and science.—Sterne, on the contrary, had no particular object of ridicule; his business was only to create a person, to whom he could attach the great quantity of extraordinary reading, and antiquated learning, which he had collected. He, therefore, supposed in Mr. Shandy a man of an active and metaphysical, but at the same time a whimsical cast of mind, whom too much and too miscellaneous learning had

brought within a step or two of madness, and who acts in the ordinary affairs of life upon the absurd theories adopted by the pedants of past ages. He is most admirably contrasted with his wife, well described as a good lady of the true poco-curante school, who neither obstructed the progress of her husband's hobbyhorse, to use a phrase which Sterne has rendered classical, nor could be prevailed upon to spare him the least admiration for the grace and dexterity with which he managed it.

Yorick, the lively, witty, sensitive, and heedless parson, is the well known personification of Sterne himself, and undoubtedly, like every portrait of himself drawn by a master of the art, bore a strong resemblance to the original. Still, however, there are shades of simplicity thrown into the character of Yorick, which did not exist in that of Sterne. We cannot believe that the jests of the latter were so void of malice prepense, or that his satire entirely flowed out of honesty of mind and mere jocundity of humour. It must be owned, moreover, that Sterne was more like to have stolen a passage out of Stevinus if he could have found one to his purpose, than to have left one of his manuscripts in the volume, with the careless indifference of Yorick. Still, however, we gladly recognize the general likeness between the author and the child of his fancy, and willingly pardon the pencil, which, in the delicate task of self-delineation, has softened some traits and improved others.

Uncle Toby, with his faithful Squire, the most delightful characters in the work, or perhaps in any other, are drawn with such a pleasing force and discrimination, that they more than entitle the author to a free pardon for his literary peculations, his indecorum, and his affectation; nay, authorize him to leave the court of criticism, not forgiven only, but applauded and rewarded, as one who has exalted and honoured humanity, and impressed upon his readers such a lively picture of kindness and benevolence, blended with courage, gallantry and simplicity, that their hearts must be warmed by, whenever it is recalled to memory. Sterne, indeed, might boldly plead in his own behalf, that the passages which he borrowed from others were of little value, in comparison to those which are exclusively original; and that the former might have been written by many persons, while in his own proper line he stands alone and inimitable. Something of extravagance may, perhaps, attach to Uncle Toby's favourite amusements. Yet in England, where men think and act with little regard to the ridicule or censure of their neighbours, there is no impossibility, perhaps no great improbability, in

supposing that a humorist might employ such a mechanical aid as my Uncle's bowling-green, in order to encourage and assist his imagination in the pleasing but delusive task of castle-building. Men have been called children of a larger growth, and among the antic toys and devices with which they are amused, the device of my Uncle, with whose pleasures we are so much disposed to sympathize, does not seem so unnatural upon reflection as it may appear at first sight.

It is needless to dwell longer on a work so generally known. The style employed by Sterne is fancifully ornamented, but at the same time vigorous and masculine, and full of that animation and force which can only be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the early English prose-writers. In the power of approaching and touching the finer feelings of the heart, he has never been excelled, if indeed he has ever been equalled; and may be at once recorded as one of the most affected, and one of the most simple writers,—as one of the greatest plagiarists, and one of the most original geniuses, whom England has produced.

From Moore's New Irish Melodies.

[The following specimen of the British Nightingale's last series of *Irish Melodies* may serve to show that Love still reigns paramount in his heart;—and that his eloquent offerings to the little Deity, are not likely soon to lose much of their fervour from the unsparing encroachments of Time:—who must, ere this, have commenced scattering unwelcome snows over his head.]

She sung of Love—while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And played around those lips, that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burned,
Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turned,
The minstrel's form seemed fading too.
As if her light and heaven's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought,
That he and all he loved must part?
Filled with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

CINCINNATI

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1825.

THE PRESIDENT, IN HIS LATE MESSAGE, ON THE COLONIZATION OF THE INDIANS, recommends their speedy removal from the various regions in which their scattered remnants are located,—to the portion of our North Western Territories referred to in his opening message,—as a measure calculated at once to 'shield them from impending ruin, and promote their welfare and happiness;—and, one which is not only entirely practicable,—but which may be even rendered acceptable, at no distant day, to the most hostile of the existing tribes.

"Experience has clearly demonstrated, that in their present state it is impossible to incorporate them, in such masses, in any form whatever, into our system. It has also demonstrated, with equal certainty, that without a timely anticipation of, and provision against, the dangers to which they are exposed, under causes which it will be difficult if not impossible to control, their degradation and extermination will be inevitable.

"The great object to be accomplished is, the removal of those tribes to the territory designated, on conditions which shall be satisfactory to themselves and honorable to the United States. This can be done only by conveying to each tribe a good title to an adequate portion of land, to which it may consent to remove, and by providing for it there, a system of internal government which shall protect their property from invasion, and by the regular progress of improvement and civilization, prevent that degeneracy which has generally marked the transition from the one to the other state.

"The digest of such a government with the consent of the Indians, which should be endowed with sufficient powers to meet all the objects contemplated; to connect the several tribes together in a bond of amity, and preserve order in each; to prevent intrusions on their property; to teach them, by regular instructions, the arts of civilized life, and make them a civilized people, is an object of very high importance. It is the powerful consideration which we have to offer to these tribes, as an inducement to relinquish the lands on which they now reside, and to remove to those which are designated. It is not doubted that this arrangement will present considerations of sufficient force to surmount all their prejudices in favor of the soil of their nativity, however strong they may be. Their elders have sufficient intelligence to discern the certain progress of events in the present train, and sufficient virtue, by yielding to momentary sacrifices, to protect their families and posterity from inevitable destruction."

Among the advantages resulting from this experiment, the President suggests our future exemption from border conflicts, or exterminating wars;—and the enlargement of our internal commerce:—and closes by recommending that a declaration be made by Congress, pledging the faith of the Nation in favor of such fundamental principles as may, in accordance with his views, be deemed proper for regulating and governing our future negotiations with the Natives.

From the great importance of the subject, whether viewed in relation to the destiny of the Indians, or the character of the Government;—and, from the confident tone in which our patriotic and benevolent Chief Magistrate, after mature and anxious deliberation, has recommended his views to Congress,—we hesitate to give expression to any misgivings we may entertain on the score of their practicability, until further

light shall have been thrown on the proposed details of the scheme.

"THERE IS A REVIEW OF MEDWIN'S CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON, in the U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE, No. 19,—in which we find several paragraphs, that may be interesting to our readers. The book itself has not yet reached Cincinnati;—and, from the character given of some portions of it,—in reference to the licentious manners of Italy,—it is not perhaps essential to good morals that it ever should. On the question involving the authenticity of the work, the Reviewer thinks, that an occasional discrepancy between the oral and written communications of his Lordship should not be considered as invalidating the general scope of Capt. Medwin's testimony;—since they may be accounted for either from occasional whims on the part of the speaker, or unintentional lapses of memory in the reporter, while taking down, or enlarging his notes of the conversations. The Reviewer's opinion, is that

"The good points in the character of Lord Byron, were general kindness and generosity to his servants and dependents, by whom he seems to have been much beloved, and his zeal for the civil liberty of mankind. This was shown in Italy, but more particularly in the country where he ended his career. To this sentiment is also to be attributed the favourable light in which he seems to have regarded the people of the United States. He expresses strong affection for his daughter, and occasionally some regard for Lady Byron. His faults were the consequences of bad education, and bad company, early dissipation, and the habit of yielding to the impulses of passion; and in a character dangerous alike to itself and to society, we are uncertain whether more is to be pitied, or condemned."

The following letter, which has been published by Mr. MURRAY in self-defence, is calculated to exhibit the character of both parties in a favourable light; as are, indeed, most of the poet's communications to that 'eminent' bookseller.

"Mr. Murray, having accidentally heard that Lord Byron was in pecuniary difficulties, immediately forwarded fifteen hundred pounds to him, with an assurance that another such sum should be at his service in the course of a few months; and that if such assistance should not be sufficient, Mr. Murray would be ready to sell the copyright of all his lordship's works, for his use."

The following is Lord Byron's acknowledgment of this offer:

November 14, 1815.

"DEAR SIR—I return you your bills, unaccepted, but certainly not *unhonoured*. Your present offer is a favor which I would accept from you, if I accepted such from any man. Had such been my intention, I can assure you, I would have asked you, fairly and as freely as you would give; and I cannot say more of my confidence, or your conduct. The circumstances which induce me to part with my books, though sufficiently, are not *immediately* pressing. I have made up my mind to them, and there is an end. Had I been disposed to trespass on your kindness in this way, it would have been before now; but I am not sorry to have an opportunity of declining it, as it sets my opinion of you, and indeed of human nature, in a different light from that in which I have been accustomed to consider it.

"Believe me very truly your obliged and faithful servant,

BYRON.

To John Murray, Esq.

In relation to the author of 'WAVERLEY,' who is so confidently named by his Lordship, we have the following anecdote;—which is certainly not

calculated to weaken our previous confidence of the fact:

"I asked him if he was certain about the novels being Sir Walter Scott's?"

"Scott as much as owned himself the author of 'Waverley' to me in Murray's shop," replied he. "I was talking to him about that novel, and lamented that the author had not carried back the story nearer to the time of the Revolution. Scott, entirely off his guard, said, 'Ay, I might have done so, but'—There he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself: he looked confused, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate retreat.

"On another occasion I was to dine at Murray's; and being in his parlour in the morning, he told me I should meet the author of 'Waverley' at dinner. He had received several excuses, and the party was a small one; and, knowing all the people present, I was satisfied that the writer of that novel must have been, and could have been, no other than Walter Scott."

"Indeed the character of Scott is one of the few subjects, on which his lordship's mind seemed uniformly to dwell with pleasure. On one occasion he says, 'The sight of his letters always does me good.' And again—

"His (Jeffrey's) summing up in favour of my friend Sir Walter amused me; it reminded me of a schoolmaster, who, after flogging a bad boy, calls out to the head of the class, and, patting him on the head, gives him all the sugar-plums."

To this we will only add the following passage from one of his Lordship's letters to a literary traveller:

"There is one part of your observations in the pamphlet which I shall venture to remark upon;—it regards Walter Scott. You say that 'his character is little worthy of enthusiasm,' at the same time that you mention his productions in the manner they deserve. I have known Walter Scott long and well, and in occasional situations which call forth the *real* character—and I can assure you that his character is worthy of admiration—that of all men he is the most open, the most *honourable*, the most *amiable*. With his politics I have nothing to do: they differ from mine, which renders it difficult for me to speak of them. But he is *perfectly sincere* in them; and sincerity may be humble, but she cannot be servile. I pray you, therefore, to correct or soften that passage. You may, perhaps, attribute this officiousness of mine to a false affectation of *candour*, as I happen to be a writer also. Attribute it to what motive you please, but *believe the truth*. I say that Walter Scott is as nearly a thorough good man as can be, because I *know* it by experience to be the case."

It appears, however, that the long and sharply contested point as to the identity of the 'Great Unknown'—with the 'Ariosto of the North,' is likely soon to be put at rest, by the insertion of Sir Walter's proper name in the title page of the forthcoming novel, 'THE CRUSADERS;—much, we fear, to the chagrin of certain advocates of Dr. GREENFIELD, in the 'MINERVA,' and elsewhere.

THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT,

By the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES of the United States, took place in the CAPITOL, on the 9th instant;—and resulted, on a single balloting, in favor of

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The votes as reported in an extra Intelligence, were as follows:—Maine, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New-York, Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky,

Illinois, Missouri, Louisiana [13] for Mr. ADAMS; New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, S. Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Indiana [7] for Gen. JACKSON; Delaware, Virginia, N. Carolina, Georgia [4] for Mr. CRAWFORD.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, having received a majority of the ELECTORAL VOTES, was formally declared to be VICE-PRESIDENT of the United States, for the constitutional term of four years from the 4th of March next.

Having, as Editors of the Literary Gazette, taken no part in the Presidential campaign,—we will only express the hope, that the WAR OF WORDS, which has distracted the republic for these two years past, may not soon be resumed; and that all good patriots,—in whose cause they have been partisans—may be content to sacrifice all private feelings on the Altar of the PUBLIC GOOD;—so far, at least, as to lend that aid and co-operation to the Executive department of the Government, which may be found essential to our National honour and prosperity.

Messrs. P. P. BARBOUR, WEBSTER, McLANE, TAYLOR, FORSYTH, SAUNDERS, and RANKIN, compose the Committee (elected by ballot) for investigating the charges made against Mr. CLAY by Mr. KREMER, of Pa. It is said, that the latter has declined going before the Committee, at all,—or in any way prosecuting the charges:—be this as it may, we feel confident that Mr. Kremer's allegations will be found to have originated in error.

THE PUBLIC LAND DEBT.

So little business has yet been done in the Cincinnati District, under the Act of the last session for 'extinguishing the debt due from the purchasers of public lands,'—that it is apprehended the law will cease to be in operation before those interested become fully acquainted with its provisions. The advantages are so obvious and considerable, that no one at all aware of them can hesitate about the propriety of closing his accounts—either by the aid of the liberal discount allowed on cash payments,—or by relinquishing all for which he is unable to make a final settlement.

We understand that the Register of the Land Office here, is preparing an exposition of the provisions and operations of the law referred to,—(which will expire on the 10th of April next, if not continued, for a longer period, by the present Congress,)—with the hope that it may be so generally circulated through the medium of the various newspapers in the district, that at least every resident debtor may become acquainted with his predicament;—and have nobody but himself to blame, if a forfeiture of his land should result from his neglecting to co-operate in a measure calculated to benefit alike the delinquent and the Government,—by extinguishing his portion of a debt which has been so long weighing like an incubus on the prosperity, and paralyzing the energies, of the West.

THE CANAL COMMISSIONERS for the present year are MICAJAH T. WILLIAMS, ALFRED KELLY, BENJAMIN TAPPAN, THOMAS WORTHINGTON, ISAAC MINOR, NATHANIEL BEASLY, and JOHN JOHNSTON.

THE APPROACHING TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY is about to be celebrated by the PHILOMATHIC and EROPHÆIC Societies—composed of the pupils and alumni of the Cincinnati College. On Tuesday morning a procession of the citizens is to proceed from "WASHINGTON HALL" to the 1st Presbyterian Church:—where,

it is understood, the exercises are to consist of a Prayer, two Orations, Music, original Ode, &c.

The laudable interest which is felt for the advancement of these respectable Societies, and the ennobling recollections which are so universally awakened by every return of the birth day of WASHINGTON,—will doubtless draw together a large and respectable audience on the occasion.

The Rev. Mr. HOLLEY's remarks on D's review of his SERMON will appear next week.

Summary.

A new mode of polishing, or plating, wood (called 'plaque,') has been lately introduced at Paris;—which is said to give to that substance all the beauty and much of the solidity of marble; with an equal exemption from stains or scratches.

The receipt for producing this magical result is as follows:—To one pint of *Spirits of Wine* add half an ounce of gum *shellac*, half an ounce of gum *lac*, a quarter of an ounce of gum *sandrick*; place it over a gentle heat, frequently agitating it, until the gums are dissolved, when it will be fit for use. Place a little of this composition on the end of a roll of list; and cover it with a soft linen rag, lightly touched with cold drawn flaxseed oil. With this rub the wood in a circular direction, (not including too large a space at once,) till the pores are sufficiently filled: then apply, in the same manner, *Spirits of Wine*, with a small portion of the composition added to it,—and a most brilliant polish will be produced. If the wood has been previously polished with wax, it will be necessary to clean it off with glass paper.

Mr. L. L. Persico's bas-relief head of Liberty, modelled by order of the United States' Mint for the new coin, is now exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts. This is a beautiful specimen of talent, and will gratify every spectator.

Upwards of one million eight hundred thousand dollars were coined during the last year at the U. S. Mint, principally silver. New dies are about to be cut with a new figure of Liberty, by means of which the appearance of the coin is expected to be much improved. It is calculated that two millions will be coined during the present year.

The Bunkers-Hill Committee offer a premium of 100 dollars for the best model of a monumental column, 220 feet high.

The whole time employed by all the professors of Harvard College, during a year, is 2623 hours, in giving public instruction—the yearly income of the same Institution is over \$40,000.

Twenty-two revolutionary veterans dined together at Hillsborough, New-Hampshire, on last Christmas day, whose combined ages amounted to 1490 years.

There is considerable bustle on Irish affairs. Mr. O'Connell has been arrested, and his arrest has caused great commotion in Dublin.

Eggs may be preserved fresh, for two years,—by immersing them in highly saturated lime water.

The deaths of two young ladies, within the last twelvemonth, in England, were occasioned by fright, owing to spiders being thrown at them.

He who elopes with another man's wife, is a fool, though by his folly he is rendering an essential service to his neighbor.

American Bible Society.—The Treasurer of the American Bible Society, Wm. W. Wolsey, Esq. has received during the month of December, 1824, the sum of \$3590 76—and has paid out \$3194 43. The issues from the Depository during the month of December, were 2813 Bibles, and 2905 Testaments.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Liverpool to his friend in New-York.

"I witnessed a phenomenon last night, which puzzled me more than any thing I have seen for a long time. I went to see the famous Mr. Charles's exhibition, and among other elegant experiments in electricity, he took some clay, which was prepared with Chlorine, and which he put into a common tin cannister. He then strowed some mustard seed on the clay, covered all with a tin lid, and by applying the electric fluid, through a hole in the top, he raised the mustard about one inch high, in about two minutes; it looked as well, as if it had been growing on the earth for several days, and the taste was as pungent as usual. His experiments, to those who understand any thing about the matter, must be very instructive."

The Boston papers state that the amount of Banking capital in Massachusetts, according to the returns lately made to the General Court, is \$12,300,000, on which the annual State tax is 133,000. The number of Banks is forty, and the amount of their discounts and other debts to them is 21,257,338. The amount of bills in circulation is 5,756,564, and of specie on hand 1,360,357.

Tunnel under the Thames.—Operations have actually commenced for this extraordinary undertaking; the bed of the river has been ascertained to be quite favorable.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The historical work of Sir James Mackintosh which was expected to appear many months ago, is unaccountably delayed, and the progress made in it remains unknown.

The treatise of Mr. Perkins on the Steam Engine, is in forwardness.

A new set of Illustrations of the Sketch Book is in preparation, and will be published by Mess. Carey & Lea.

The manuscript of Lord Byron's private letters, suppressed in England by the Chancery Court, is now in the hands of Messrs. Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia, who have put it to press, and will publish it shortly.

Dr. Dewees's New System of Midwifery was about to be reprinted and published in London, and is highly esteemed there.

The Boston Spectator, a new paper recently commenced in Boston, is said to have employed the talents of the well-known PERCIVAL in its poetical department. If this is the case its patronage will rapidly increase.

ELLIOTT'S BOTANY.—The publication of this valuable work, is completed. The last number issued, is the seventh of the second volume; making in all, thirteen numbers. The preface to the volume just published, contains the author's acknowledgments, of the friendly assistance which he received from several distinguished naturalists, among whom he alludes, with pathetic interest to the late Dr. M'Bride.

Of the merits of Mr. Elliott's book, we have no other means of judging, than are afforded, by the high opinion which those conversant with the subject, entertain of his acquirements in natural science, and his devotion to the study of nature. A highly flattering evidence of this is found in the fact, that one third of the subscribers to this work reside in Europe—many of them the countrymen of Linnaeus, the father of flowers. A production which excites much interest abroad, cannot fail to command interest at home. Charleston paper.

Published on SATURDAYS, by J. P. FOOTE, at the Book store, No. 14, Lower Market street; at THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Original Poetry.

MUSIC.

"Give me sweet music when I'm sad,
 "Give me sweet music when I'm glad,
 "For music softens every woe,
 "And brightens every rapture's glow."

H. E. HATFIELD.

Music, O Power Divine!
 Thine is the spell, the blest art thine,
 To calm the wildest passion's rage,—
 The tempest of the soul's assuage.
 Sorrow with thee forgets to mourn,
 And Joy's bright beams more bright become.
 Hope moves on tiptoe to thy measure,
 And kindles all the soul to pleasure.
 Despondence smiles through all his gloom,
 And pauses ere he seeks the tomb.
 Even dark Despair thy influence knows,
 And laughs amidst severest woes.
 A never-failing solace thou,
 When anxious care o'erclouds the brow:
 Friend of the friendless, thee we hail,
 The friend when other friends all fail.

Blest Power! untiring and untired,
 The more possessed, the more desired;
 O'er all my life thy influence shed,
 And when I'm numbered with the dead,
 Let gentle spirits, young and gay,
 Sing o'er my grave a roundelay:—
 "Here underneath these new-blown roses
 "Our dear and constant friend reposes;
 "One who loved tenderness and truth,
 "Simplicity and bright-eyed youth;
 "Whose sportive mirth and manners free
 "Ne'er checked our spirit's buoyancy
 "With cynic frown, or formal gloom;
 "O lightly tread we round her tomb!"
 And as they whisper "*Here she lies,*"
 My spirit, ere it reach the skies,
 Shall mingle with the mournful choir,
 And sadly pleasing thoughts inspire.
 And while the freshest flowers they're strewing,
 Rich fragrance all the air imbuing,
 In grateful melody I'll rise,
 And seek my Maker in the skies. MYRA.

TO MYRA.

O lady, when these eyes are closed,
 And I am laid beneath the sod,
 As resting on my lonely pillow,
 I slumbering lie beneath the willow,—
 Then lady shed a tear for me,
 Whose last warm prayer was breathed for thee.

And when I thus am calmly sleeping
 Upon my lonely clay-cold bed,
 Then o'er my grave the roses strew,
 And bathe them with a tear-drop true.—
 O lady shed one tear for me,
 For her who died remembering thee! ELIZA.

TO SERENA:

A YOUNG LADY, WITH THE FORM OF A CROSS
 ON HER FOREHEAD.

In the climes of the east there are mountains
 that rise,
 And greet with blue summits their kindred-blue
 skies;
 On the breast of the mountain, with plumes
 ever green,
 That throws its dark shadow o'er valley and
 stream,

SERENA presides, as the nymph of the place—
 A mortal in form, but an angel in grace;
 With aspect so fair that the rich hues of heaven
 To blend with her magical beauties are given;
 So cloudless her eye and so saintly its rays
 That the spirit of man is rebuked by her gaze;
 And yet, there was something that told in its
 roving

The cause of her fall was the sweet sin of loving;
 Allured by the charms of some vision of earth
 She left for those regions the realm of her birth.
 Like the Night-queen of heaven who came down
 from her sphere,

The vows of her lover on Latma's to hear;
 What marks her divine is the cross that she
 wears,

On her pale polished forehead, in mystical scars;
 As if, ere from above the fair truant took flight,
 The Angels that loved her the sign did indite,
 Proclaiming to man that so lovely a shrine
 May be worshipped and almost adored as divine;
 A badge so celestial that none could deny
 To this exile angelic a home in the sky;
 A pilgrim so peerless this dark earth exploring,
 Oh! who could behold her, and gaze unadoring!

LARA.

Selected Poetry.

EXTRACT

FROM HOGG'S MADON OF THE MOOR.

What art thou, Love? or who may thee define?
 Where lies thy bourn of pleasure or of pain?
 No sceptre, graced by Reason's hand, is thine,
 Child of the moistened eye and burning brain,
 Of glowing fancy, and the fervid vein,
 That soft on bed of roses lov'st to rest,
 And crop the flower where lurks the deadly
 bane!

Oh many a thorn those dear delights invest,
 Child of the rosy cheek, and heaving snow-white
 breast!

Thou art the genial balm of virtuous youth,
 And point'st where Honour waves her wreath
 on high;

Like the sweet breeze that wanders from the
 south,

Thou breath'st upon the soul, where embryos
 lie

Of new delights, the treasures of the sky!
 Who knows thy trembling watch in bower of
 even,

Thy earliest grateful tear, and melting sigh?
 Oh never was to yearning mortal given
 So dear delights as thine, thou habitant of heaven!

Oh I will worship even before thy bust,
 When my dimmed eye no more thy smile can
 see!

While this deserted bosom beats, it must
 Still beat in unison with hope and thee!

For I have wept o'er perished ecstacy,
 And o'er the fall of beauty's early prime!

But I will dream of new delights to be,
 When moon and stars have ceased their range
 sublime

And angels rung the knell of all-consuming Time!

The rainbow's lovely in the eastern cloud;
 The rose is beautiful on the bended thorn;
 Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,
 And sweet the orient blushes of the morn;
 Sweeter than all, the beauties which adorn
 The female form in youth and maiden bloom!
 Oh why should passion ever man suborn
 To work the sweetest flower of Nature's doom,
 And cast o'er all her joys a veil of cheerless
 gloom!

Oh fragile flower! that blossoms but to fade!
 One slip recovery or recal defies!
 Thou walk'st the dizzy verge with steps unstead,
 Fair as the habitants of yonder skies!
 Like them thou fallest never more to rise!
 Oh fragile flower! for thee my heart's in pain!
 Haply a world is hid from mortal eyes,
 Where thou may'st smile in purity again,
 And shine in virgin bloom, that ever shall remain.

EXTRACT

From *Childe Harold*—exhibiting LORD BYRON'S
 opinion of Love.

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
 The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled
 heaven,

Even with its own desiring phantasy,
 And to a thought such shape and image given,
 As haunts the unquenched soul—parched—wearied—
 wrung—and riven.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
 And those who know it best, deplore it most;
 When all is won that all desire to woo,
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honor lost,
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
 If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
 Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to
 please.

ANSWER

to the *Charade* in No. 24, vol. 2d.

'Tis wo, in all its varied forms,
 Which MAN, alas, is doomed to feel;
 But wo-MAN calms life's rudest storms;—
 'Tis hers to "soothe"—'tis hers to "heal."

Looker & Reynolds, Printers,
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